He dropped his song -the better on His helpless prey to drop;



Then, though his victim strove to fly, He popped him in his crop.

Thus it befel; that early worm So good, so prompt at morn, Was by his very virtues thus From life and pleasure torn.

Yet but himself to blame, for if
He had but kept his bed,
To rise betimes, some other worm
Would have been swallow-ed!

M.